

Brethren Evangelist

"I Am the Way, the Truth and the Life."—Jesus

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Editorial

The Star

Those whose good fortune it has been to witness the unusual blaze of an oriental sky at midnight, speak with enthusiasm of the resplendent spectacle of that universe of suns which it unfolds. There, spread abroad upon the vast empyrean, are the wonderful works of God; worlds in comparison with which ours is an insignificant ball; suns which in vastness and brilliancy as much exceed our sun as the latter exceeds a star; throngs, armies, illuminating the cerulean dome with a multitudinous glory. Sages, in a distant age, "wise men," great souls that were uplifted by the face of God in these glorified heavens, nightly studied the ever new and sublime phenomenon of the stars, and constellations, and milky ways. There were three of these disciples of the skies more reverent and watchful than their brethren, and unto these three came the vision, one night, of a traveling star, not an aerolite shooting swiftly athwart the sky on its downward course; not at first, as some suppose, a conspicuous luminary, outshining the other stars, but a shrinking, almost hidden point of light, slowly threading its level course among the constellations, and in the direction of the West, toward far distant Jerusalem. It was this phenomenon of a moving star that simultaneously attracted the attention of the three great astronomers, perhaps living far apart, but who in following it, with first a scientific and later a religious interest, found themselves eventually upon the same path, bent upon the same mission, and animated by the same boundless enthusiasm. So wonderful a coincidence could not indicate less than a divine leading, the herald of a divine event, the coming of the world's hope, and so in passing upon their journey some metropolis of the East, they purchased gifts that would befit the King whom they were going to welcome to his own world. As they journeyed more luminous became the star, at least unto their enlightened vision, until it outshone all the galaxy of the sky, and beamed down upon their pathway with an effulgence which scattered all the darkness and doubt of their pilgrimage.

May we not read in this grand old story of the Magi a beautiful symbol of the coming of Jesus, not alone into the world as the Messiah, but into the heart as the Savior? First to the sincere, the reverent, the watchful, to those who have eyes that can see, and hearts that can understand. There were doubtless many star gazers in the days of the Magi, but they saw only the garish light of the material suns. They saw not the gentle light of the Christ star, or saw unheeding. So it is with the multitudes now. Their star is all ablaze with the stars of finance, of politics, of science, of literature. They see only the great lights of materialism, and worldly distinction. They see not the Christ star, or seeing do not regard the vision, and do not follow it. For them that divine star shines in vain, and in vain points to a Savior, and to the heavenly Jerusalem.

Again those watchful and reverent souls who were rewarded with the celestial vision left all behind to follow it. This is the true spirit of discipleship, as our Lord himself has said. Every precious gift they lay at the feet of Jesus, whatever they possess of talent, the most costly self-sacrifice, the most priceless love and devotion.

Furthermore as those "wise men" were drawn together upon that historic pilgrimage, so are the Lord's followers today. They come from every walk of life, from every nation and kindred, and become one people, fellow pilgrims, their faces ever turned toward the Jerusalem, their purpose ever to seek the Christ. To them as they journey that star ever grows brighter, until it scatters the darkness of every doubt, casting every shadow behind, filling the soul with a joyful light, and increasing more and more unto the perfect day.

At last it brings them to the object of their quest, the Messiah, not a dreadful monarch upon his throne whom every one fears to approach, but a babe in a manger, symbol of greatness in humility, of strength in weakness. What is greater than the possibilities that lie in a little child? What is mightier than the love whose scepter is held by infant hands?

Behold the Star, whose soft and gentle light
They scarcely saw amid the boundless night?
Behold that Star, of meek and lowly birth,
Now grown to fill the heavens and the earth.